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By SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-rai's'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No:—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and, knowing, dare main-
tain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
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These constitute a State,
 And sov'reign LAW, *that state's collected will,*
 O'er thrones and globes elate
 Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
 Smit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,
 And e'en the all-dazzling *Crown*
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such *was* this heav'n-lov'd isle,
 Than *Lesbos* fairer and the *Cretan* shore!
 No more shall freedom smile?
 Shall *Britons* languish, and be MEN no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

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